I am a right maid for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue heere behinde.
Her. VVhat, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. VVith *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhee's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
VVhy will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her par
Neuer ſo little ſh
Thou ſhalt abie i
Lyſ. Now ſhe
Now follow if th
Of thine or mine
Dem. Follow
Her. You Miſt
Nay, goe not bac
Hel. I will not
Not longer ſtay i
Your hands than
My legs are long
Her. I am amaz
Ob. This is thy
Or elſe commit'
Puck. Beleeue
Did not you tell
By the *Athenian*
And ſo farre blam
That I haue noin
And ſo farre am I
As this their iang
Ob. Thou ſeeſt
Hie therefore *Ro*
The ſtarry Welk
With drooping f
And leade theſe
As one come not
Like to *Lyſander*
Then ſtirre *Deme*
And ſometime ra
And from each o
Till ore their bro
With leaden ledg